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I had never disobeyed my parents, but I would this time. I would marry the man I loved and would never marry the man they wanted me to.

My brother Samuel came home after being away for some time. He and Jasper were the best of friends, and through him my parents were willing for us to marry. We were married July 3, 1859 by Jonathan O. Duke in Provo. We went to the temple later. We got ready to go three times before we finally got there. My parents had nine sons-in-laws but none were higher in their esteem than he. That was another time my prayers were answered.



WM. J. BOREN—BROTHERS AND SISTERS
 Standing: Susan Boren, Minerva Boren Wentz
 Seated: Joseph Smith Boren, Bryant Coleman Boren, Lorana Boren Mecham,
 William J. Boren and Ephraim Boren

OUR FIRST HOME

My husband, William Jasper Boren, was the oldest living child of Coleman Boren and Melinda Keller, born December 30, 1837 in Peoria, Illinois. The family came from Tennessee and later moved to Nauvoo, Illinois after they had joined the Mormon Church. They came to Utah in 1851, and William Jasper walked most of the way driving his father's sheep. The Borens made their home in Provo. As a young man my husband worked as a carpenter and cabinet maker.

All that we had when we were married was a team, a frying pan, and a quart oyster can. My Father was looking after the toll gate in Provo Canyon. I looked after the garden; my husband harvested his mother's wheat. I got the top of a quilt, some needles and thread and pins. My husband then hauled timber from the canyon to the furniture store; the store also owned the sawmill. He earned as much as fifteen dollars a day; sometimes he would let his team rest and work with my Uncle who had a turning lath. They made a table, chairs, bedstead, rolling pin and potato masher. We had the bedstead painted; it was the nicest one in Provo. We went to Salt Lake and bought material for a bed tick, quilts, sheets and pillows. I picked milkweed pods to fill the ticks and pillows which we used for our bed for two years, then my husband killed enough ducks, geese and chickens for me to make a good feather bed. While in Salt Lake we bought twelve plates, six teacups and saucers; we could only find six glasses or tumblers; a six quart bucket was the only bucket we could get. When we got home someone said we should turn the bucket out to grass and let it grow full size. We bought a small one-room house and a lot. There was a fireplace in one end and shelves on one side. Jasper made me a rocking chair and six common chairs. We had them painted and I was so proud of them. Mr. King came and got Jasper to sign a note with him. Mr. King would not pay, so Jasper had to let the chairs go to pay for the note. Mother Boren bought the chairs.

TO PROVO CANYON

In April 1860, our first child was born, William Jasper. My husband made me a cupboard, and we had a nice home. Our second son, Samuel, was born May 8, 1861. When he was three weeks old we sold our place in Provo and moved to Provo Canyon. My sister, Emily Haws, had a small son, Billy. He cut off his finger and we put it back in place with splints and bound it. We took the splints off the tenth day, and it seemed to be all right, but the same day he ran and fell, breaking the same finger all over again. We put it back again with splints and kept praying that it would grow together again. It did, but it was always stiff. We moved back to Provo and lived in Father's house as he and Mother were living in Provo Canyon. My youngest brother, John D. Mecham, was out looking after Father's sheep. He had a bow and arrows, and one day while running after one of his arrows, his faithful dog ran after him, took hold of my brother's leg and tore the flesh. My Father, Mother and two younger sisters and John D. came to our place. Jasper went to look after the sheep until John D. could go out again. On the ninth day I felt like something dreadful was going to happen. At bedtime they all went to bed; but I stayed up. Father tried to get me to go to bed, but I told him I could not sleep. About midnight my brother raised up in bed and howled like a dog. My Father said, "He is mad,"

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and tried to hold him. I ran across the street to Brother Nuttall. He came and administered to John D. and told Mother to give him all the vinegar he could drink and he would be all right. He was sick for a long time, but he did not have any more spells. When he felt a spell coming on, he would go in a room by himself and drink vinegar and the spell would pass off.

Our little boy, Sammy, got a bad ankle. I did not sleep all night. I prayed that I might know what to do for him. The next morning I sent for Mother Boren. I was afraid it was a white swelling but Mother Boren said it was a sprained ankle. She pulled the ankle in place and bound wormwood on it. He was soon able to walk again. On the last of October, 1863 a little girl was born to us, *Lucina Izora*.

A NEW HOME

In the spring of 1864, my husband went to Round Valley, now Wallsburg, to make us a home. We had three small children, and I was afraid to go on account of the Indians. On the 23rd of July he came back to Provo and spent the 24th, and on the 25th we went to Wallsburg, by way of ox team. Imagine how I felt with an unfurnished log cabin to live in without windows or door. There were only four families there. It was decided there was room for only fourteen families, as there was not much water. When I first went to Wallsburg I met Emma Brown. She proved to be a lifelong friend. She moved to Charleston and later became Stake President of the Relief Society. After the crops were taken care of, Jasper put two doors in our house and a window. On the 20th of September 1864, another little girl came to our house, *Melinda Elvira*. Then my husband built a fireplace.

My husband went to Provo to get supplies for the winter; as George Brown, my Father, and Jasper started for home they did not get far until it started to snow. They could not turn back to Provo, they had to go on as their families were in Wallsburg; the winter was on them and they never knew when the Indians would strike. They made camp for the night. Jasper was the only one that had a lunch as they should have been home late that night. William Hall and Ephraim Hanks caught up with them and made camp, and the five of them ate Jasper's lunch. Next morning they had nothing to eat and the snow was deep. The oxen could not get through, so the men took turns making a trail and the oxen would follow, but it was slow going. The third day, they saw a porcupine in a tree on a hillside some distance away. Jasper went and killed it with a club, they made a fire and roasted it and all said it was the best meat they had ever eaten, but the poor oxen had nothing but what they could browse. They were getting tired, but there was no stopping—they must go on. One of my father's oxen fell off the road into the river and was drowned. The snow was four feet deep in Wallsburg and

the women did not know where their husbands were, whether in Provo, or had started home and perished on the way. My Mother tried to comfort us but she did not know that my Father was with them. On the fifth day they came to the home of Ephraim Hanks. Sister Hanks made them as comfortable as possible, giving them supper and breakfast. The next night they were home. We all thanked our Maker for their safe return.

My husband went to the cedars for wood; he killed a porcupine and asked me to cook it for him. I cooked it the way he wanted it, but he could not eat it; he said it was because he was not hungry enough. We had very little flour that winter; some of the people had none. We lived on potatoes, boiled wheat, and we had plenty of milk and butter. We were very careful with our flour. I had dried peaches and ground cherries; Jasper killed deer and wild chickens for our meat. All the people in Wasatch County were living the same way. We took up forty acres of farm ground, forty acres of meadow land, and three town lots. That first winter in Wallsburg we ran out of hay, as the menfolk were busy the summer before building cabins and had little time to put up enough hay for our stock. We were only five families in the valley; one had plenty of hay for all; he wanted a big price for it, but no one had the cash. Brother William Wall, being the leader, went to the owner of the hay, and asked him to divide with the other four; if he would, Brother Wall said he would give him the best heifer he had that would soon give milk. The man said, "If you will guarantee a heifer calf." Brother Wall said, in not too pleasant a tone, "If that is the way you feel, we don't want your hay, and I tell you it will do you no good." Brother Wall called my husband, Father, and neighbors together and told them what he had done and asked, "What shall we do? It looks like a miracle must happen to save our stock." After talking it over, they decided to turn the water from Spring Creek out on the meadow and melt the snow which was over two feet deep. There was plenty of grass under the snow. The stock was saved and the man's stack of hay rotted. The meadow below town was where we got our hay for the first few years.

In 1865 our children had the scarlet fever, and our little girl, *Melinda Alvin* one year old, died of cancer. We buried her in Provo as we were in Provo when she died. Sister Brown was with me much of the time trying to comfort me. She was truly a good woman.

The next spring we put in more grain and other farm crops. They had just started to grow good when word came for us to go to Heber as the Indians were on the warpath, and we went to Heber for safety. When we got there we could find no place to live, so we all went to the brush bowery where the people of Heber held their meetings. I had a new carpet, the only one in Wallsburg. I hung it between us and James Allred. We soon found an empty granary where

DEATH OF MOTHER BOREN

On October 22, 1870, our fourth son, *Clinton Coleman*, was born. It was a cold, stormy fall and I kept him in the house until he became sick. Nothing seemed to help him. One day while giving him a bath and looking at his arms and legs so tiny, I became frightened and started to cry. I prayed for help and wisdom that I might know what to do for him. A voice seemed to say, "Take him out into the fresh air." I dressed him and put a blanket around him and went to Aunt Polly's. She saw I had been crying and asked what was the matter, I told her and showed her his arms and legs; told her how I had prayed; she said the thing to do was to take him out every day, which I did, and he was soon well again.

Jasper was working at the mouth of Provo Canyon. I went to Provo and he was coming back with me. I took two sacks of potatoes for Mother Boren, who was a widow. When we got to Provo, I went to my Father's place, and Bryant took the potatoes to Mother Boren. When I met her a few days later she told me how good Bryant was, said no one else gave her anything. I could not tell her that we were the ones who gave her the potatoes. I told Jasper about it; he said he would tell his Mother, but he never got to, as she died soon after. He was getting ready to go and see her when word came that she had passed on. She had been sick for a long time; that morning she felt so much better. Lorain was combing her hair when Mother Boren said, "I believe I will go and see Jasper and his family and stay two or three days. I will go and get ready now." She soon called to Lorain and said, "Lorain, I am dying" and within five minutes she was dead. She died of "traveling rheumatism" that went to her heart. She was considered well off.

ANOTHER DEATH — FATHER

July 16, 1868, I was called to the bedside of my Father. He had been operated on and seemed to get better after I arrived. He wanted me to go home to my family; said they needed me. I went out in the berry patch and prayed, went back in the house and told him I would not leave him that day. Father said to me, if he lived he would do everything he could for me, and if he died, and there was any chance of the dead helping the living, he would sure help me, and I know he has as I have felt his presence many times. I went home on the 20th and on the 22nd he died. After I left for home, Mother left him sleeping and went out in the garden to get some berries, when he came out, the first time he had walked after his operation; he took a setback and lived two days. My Mother sent us word by a neighbor but he forgot to tell us. My mother saw another neighbor; he said he would tell us, but he forgot, too. They were both called good men, but John Cook, a hard working and honest man heard about Father's death, and put himself out of his way to come and tell

us. My Father was a man of great faith; he visited the sick and the needy, comforted the discouraged. When he spoke in meetings or prayed in public, or administered to the sick, he would talk in tongues—he could not help it. His bishop forbid him to speak in tongues; then went to President Brigham Young to get him excommunicated, but Brigham said, "He has done too much good in the Church, leave him alone, he is all right." He could not go to meetings or visit the sick, and soon began to say hard things about the bishop, but not for long, as he soon realized that the bishop was not the Church. Please read 1 Cor., Chapter 12, Verses 1-12.

My brother Clinton lived in Provo Canyon. His wife took sick, they could not find a girl to help, so I went to help her. I stayed three weeks. I would not take pay; they had a large family. She never forgot me. She was always a real sister. She had a double shawl which she cut in two and gave me half.



The Boren Home built 1870

We were getting along very well. We had a five-room house; the first home with a shingle roof in the valley. We also had a coal oil lamp. All of our neighbors came to see the new lamp. Most of them were afraid it might explode. Nearly all the meetings, dances and parties were still held at our home. My husband had a shingle mill and was always serving on the School Board. The town was building a schoolhouse and wanted to have it ready for a Thanksgiving party. Jasper said he could have the shingles ready and on the building.

to dress it again. He began to get better, but nearly all the flesh dropped from his arm.

TRYING TIMES

We had a hard time to make a living. My husband would peel tan bark, take it to Salt Lake and sell it for things we had to have. He would buy leather and make boots and shoes. He would make the pegs from a straight-grained maple stick sawing it in the right length, then splitting them to the right size and sharpening one end with a knife.

When the high dugway was built in Provo Canyon, Jasper took our two oldest boys to carry water. They had no crowbar, so he made one out of a maple stick to pry the rocks loose. When the railroad was being built to Utah, Jasper went to work for John G. Timothy. He took hay to last for three weeks and when it was all fed out, he asked Timothy for hay for his team. He would not let him have any, so Jasper quit, but Timothy would not pay.

Up to that time we never had family prayers, but while Jasper was away I prayed with my children, and when he came home, I asked him to have family prayers. He said he would, and we have always had prayers at our home from then on. Jasper took stock in the tannery that was being built in Heber and lost it all; and when the Co-op Store was started we took stock in it. R. C. Camp was manager. He seemed to be a very good Mormon, and people liked him very much. I had a cow I was going to sell and put the money in the store, but Mr. Camp said he would take the cow, and give me forty dollars for her, and if he could get any more, he would give me more. Later I went to see what he got for the cow. He had only given me credit for twenty-five dollars. He told me that was all he got for her, but his mother-in-law said he got fifty dollars. He paid a dividend to the stockholders, but I did not get one. I went to see him; he had not put my name on the books, yet; but I would get a dividend next time. But before another dividend was due the store went broke, and the stockholders had to pay off a large debt that Camp owed. My share was seven dollars and twenty-five cents, besides losing my cow.

In 1879 when *Ida Viola* was a year old, she took very sick. Her limbs were stiff and sore. She lay in her crib and could not stand to have anyone touch her. Everyone thought she would die. We had the Elders come several times a day; she was suffering so much that I went to the Lord and begged of Him if He were going to take her from us, to do so, and not have her suffer so much; but if she was to live, to give me wisdom to know what to do for her. Jasper came and said the Elders had held a meeting and were coming to our house. When they came, Brother Kirby prayed, using about the same words that I had used in my prayer a few minutes before they came. I then felt that she would get well. That night I felt the presence of my Father,

and I got the idea to rub *Ida* with salt and vinegar. My sister *Donna* came to see me and when she saw what I was doing, she said I should not do it, as it might do her harm. I then told her how I got the idea. She then said, "It must be all right, you should keep right on doing it." A neighbor came and said their child had the same sickness and if I was not so stingy, I would get a doctor and our child would live. I told her she was putting her trust in a doctor and I was putting my trust in the Lord. My child lived and had a family of five children; she had her child to a doctor for four years, then they brought her home, but she could not walk or talk. She lived until she was thirteen years of age and then died. During this time two more children came to bless our home, *Sarah Minerva*, born November 18, 1881 and *Wilford Wells*, born September 23, 1883.

I was sick with a pain in my head and face. My husband said I should go and see Aunt Polly, she would tell me what to do. I started, but I only went a short way, when something seemed to say to me to put buttermilk on my face. I turned around and went home and put cold buttermilk soaked in a cloth around my head and face and held cold buttermilk in my mouth. When it got warm, I would change it, keeping it as cold as I could. The pain soon left me and in a few days I was all right again. I know for myself, that if we would only listen to the whisperings of the spirit, we would save ourselves a lot of trouble and would be a lot better off, knowing what to do in trying times.

On one occasion, a lady told me to get a bottle of Winslow's Syrup for my baby, as she cried every afternoon. Jasper got some the next time he went to Provo, but when she cried I was afraid to give it to her. The next day Jasper stayed home and when she began to cry he gave her some of the Winslow's Syrup. The baby went to sleep, but I could see it was not a natural sleep, so I called my husband. He looked at her and she looked bad, he took the syrup and destroyed it. I prayed to know what to do for my child; something told me to give her tea made of dill leaves. My husband administered to her and I gave her the tea. She was soon better and playing with the other children.

We bought the first surrey in Wallsburg, and how happy we were to ride in it, instead of a cart, or white-top. I was President of the Primary. We had no place to hold Primary, so my husband built some benches and would move them in and out of our home for me on Primary day.

My husband was Watermaster for thirteen years without pay. One year it was very dry; my husband had just started to water our garden when a man came, said he was going to have the water. His garden was dying for the want of water. Jasper told him that the people were all on turns, and he should respect the other fellow's rights. The man said, "I don't care for the other fellows, I'm going to have the water." Jasper looked at him, then said, calling him by

